

# Academy of Ancient Music: Haydn's The Seasons

**Start time:** 7.30pm

**Approximate end time:** 10.15pm, including a 20-minute interval

Please note all timings are approximate and subject to change.

## Programme

**Joseph Haydn** *The Seasons*

1. Spring
2. Summer
3. Autumn
4. Winter

**Mark Berry takes a look at the inspiration behind an oratorio that perfectly blends the sacred and the secular.**

If Haydn, for posterity, has suffered for not having been Mozart, *The Seasons* has suffered similarly for not having been *The Creation*. Like Haydn and Mozart, Haydn's two late oratorios merit comparison and contrast; Marc Vignal once suggested that we consider them a single 'immense sacred opera'. In some musical respects, *The Seasons* is the more forward-looking of the two, not least in its anticipation of German Romanticism beyond Weber's *Der Freischütz* at least as far as Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. Theologically, the picture is more complicated: Haydn's two collaborations with librettist Gottfried van Swieten might be viewed as a stroll towards and retreat from Enlightenment elision of God and Nature. *The Seasons* presents Nature as something of a metaphor for spiritual renewal; we meet a reconciling God, recognisable both to Christian intellectuals and to those of a simpler faith.

Van Swieten was the son of Empress Maria Theresa's physician and spent the early years of his career in the Austrian diplomatic service; this did not seem to interfere with his literary and musical interests, for he found time to compose operas and symphonies. His correspondence frequently mentions Enlightenment writers, many of whose censored or proscribed works – sometimes by his government, and at any rate, by the Roman Catholic Church – he procured for the Empress's own chief minister, Prince Kaunitz. The Viennese Papal Nuncio commended van Swieten's intelligence, yet lamented its use in the service of 'moderno filosofismo'. Upon Maria Theresa's death, Joseph II appointed van Swieten to the Presidency of the Educational Commission, where he aimed to underline the identity between religion as revealed in Scripture and as experienced in Nature. This would involve a thorough grounding for 'future instructors of the people' in philosophical ethics and in 'natural theology': that is, arguments for the existence of God through observation of His presence in Nature. The more utilitarian-minded Emperor, interested primarily in parish priests' agricultural expertise, was unimpressed.

After Joseph's death in 1790, however, his brother and successor Leopold II relieved van Swieten of responsibilities other than his longstanding and inoffensive duties as Imperial Librarian, leaving him to concentrate on his musical activities. During a posting to Berlin, van Swieten had encountered Handel's oratorios and other early music. In about 1785 he had organised a society of Viennese aristocratic patrons to mount private, Sunday morning performances of oratorios, above all those of Handel. It was that society which commissioned both *The Creation* and *The Seasons*; it probably rendered van Swieten's position as Haydn's librettist a fait accompli.

Although Haydn was acquainted, through van Swieten's Vienna performances, with many of Handel's oratorios, nothing had prepared him for the 1791 Westminster Abbey Handel Festival, which boasted over a thousand performers. Thus inspired, Haydn had resolved to write a new oratorio on the subject of the Creation. Following its great success, a second collaboration was planned, in which van Swieten would play a still greater part. This was *The Seasons*, loosely based on James Thomson's celebrated poem of the same name, whose length and patent unsuitability of many passages for musical setting necessitated the input of van Swieten.

The music writer Donald Tovey, a great admirer, exaggerated when he suggested that the composer 'refrained from announcing *The Seasons* as an oratorio, because only a small part of the work has any pretensions to be sacred music at all'.

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Although in Hummel's 1806 catalogue of the Esterházy collection it is listed as a cantata, 18th-century conceptions of the sacred were considerably broader than ours. *The Creation* takes us from the sublimity of God's creation of the world itself to the human realm, for better or worse, of Adam, Eve and, ever so briefly, the serpent; while *The Seasons* explores the day-to-day, year-to-year life of God's human creatures.

For van Swieten and in many respects for Haydn, too, religion was essentially a practical matter. One should do God's work here on earth and, like the inhabitants of Voltaire's paradise of Eldorado in *Candide*, 'thank Him unceasingly for everything He has given, and worship God from morning till night'. In *The Seasons*, the characters, perhaps like the audience, are gently reminded, when they have stepped away from worship, of their need still to do so. Haydn's faith was certainly cheerful and genuine. His pupil, Georg August Griesinger, recalled having heard him say: 'If my composing is not proceeding so well, I walk up and down the room with my rosary in my hand, say several *Aves*, and then ideas come to me once again.' Such popular piety was not van Swieten's; we may even notice a tension between composer and the librettist. It should not, however, be exaggerated.

There may be perceived in the oratorio a related shift from rational contemplation of Nature towards a more emotional response. That certainly reflects a growing tendency during the course of the 18th century; Thomson's poem notwithstanding, the libretto to *The Seasons* is probably about 50 years younger than that to *The Creation*. Thus, in Simon's first aria, we hear of the eagerness with which the husbandman begins his tilling, how he whistles as he works as he fulfils Creation's duties of stewardship; this offers ample opportunity for a musical pictorialism to which Haydn was more resigned than devoted. In general, it is only in the music that a truly popular note is struck: for example, at the opening of Hannah's Song (in Summer) or in the playful flirtation of the Autumn duet between Lucas and Hannah. Van Swieten's humanism did not extend to seeing the divine in superstitious peasants; his desire remained to enlighten them – and perhaps, while remaining aware of what Haydn was willing to set, even to enlighten him too.

Practical religious concerns are aired in Spring's Chorus with solos, 'Heav'n be gracious'. Peasants beseech gracious Heaven to be merciful and water their fields; certain of that outcome, they extol heavenly goodness. Rural life is to be enjoyed; depiction of that enjoyment by city-dwellers is also to be enjoyed. The religious message is more explicit in the following duet with chorus, subtitled 'Song of Joy'. It opens with a delight similar to that heard in *The Creation*, albeit lacking the rapture of that first discovery of Nature. Van Swieten tells us of the joys of green meadows, lilies, lambs and bees, but the picture is also less static: 'All is stirring, all is quiv'ring, Hark how lively Nature wakes!'. The sentiments this evokes are first described as joy and rapture, swelling the heart, but Simon explains that what the peasants feel in their hearts is 'the mighty Creator's will'. God's presence in Nature is reinstated gently, without hectoring, before a final vast paean concludes Spring.

And so, in Winter, when we hear tell of a wanderer lost in the snow, his spirit – and ours? – at its most subdued, those daily, seasonal, annual routines continue to progress. The revived traveller finds relief in the light and warmth of a nearby house, a reversal for which Thomson affords no source. Following severe winter chill, the temperature, indoors at least, is warmed through homespun (literally, in the spinning chorus) wisdom from Hannah and the chorus: perhaps the clearest instances of that folkish mood tending towards Weber's *Freischütz*. Simon's final aria turns towards the mortality of man, the seasons presented as an allegory of the human lifespan. The ailing composer himself acknowledged an autobiographical content, while touchingly paying homage to Mozart in quoting from his Symphonies Nos 39 and 40 at the phrase 'The Summer spirit long pass'd by'. If Haydn hints at the pleasures of a life well lived, and in Mozart's case a candle well burned, van Swieten offers a sterner message, quoting directly from Thomson: 'Only Virtue lasts'.

*The Seasons* does not, however, end on so austere a note. Trumpets herald the glorious morn, an awakening to new life. Thomson had said something similar, but for him the 'glorious morn' had merely been the dawning of spring. For Haydn and van Swieten, it is also a unique event: the Resurrection of the Dead. A Handelian double chorus is here put to very different use from that in Israel in Egypt. This instead is a question-and-answer session of salvation; a trial, but one which can be passed. Haydn, moreover, triumphantly reconciles the light first dazzlingly evoked in *The Creation* with an outpouring of joy in the form of fanfares for massed trumpets and horns. The Haydn of old, who confessed that his heart would leap with joy upon thinking of God, is still with us.

The visuals created by Nina Dunn's Studio, PixeLux, are a ponderous promenade through the familiar landscape of subtly shifting seasons. The music and visuals go hand in hand to transport you to a place where you have been many times and to where you wish to return with a fresh gaze. The scenes have been inspired by the emotive quality of impressionistic painting by the way seasons have been represented through the ages. The studio team, led by Matthew Brown, worked closely with the Academy of Ancient Music to translate into movement and colour the already powerful ambience of Haydn's music, underlying moments of beauty and the universal human experience.

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## Performers

**Laurence Cummings** director & harpsichord  
**Rachel Nicholls\*** soprano  
**Benjamin Hulett** tenor  
**Jonathan Lemalu** bass-baritone  
**Nina Dunn Studio** video and projection design  
**Martin Parr** staging director

violin 1

**Bojan Čičić**  
**Stephen Pedder**  
**Naomi Burrell**  
**Persephone Gibbs**  
**Claudia Norz**  
**Taisia Sandetcaia**  
**Abel Cziczar Balasz**  
**Ellen Bundy**

violin 2

**Davina Clarke**  
**Alice Earll**  
**Holly Harman**  
**Sarah Moffatt**  
**Jo Lawrence**  
**William Thorp**

viola

**Jane Rogers**  
**Ricardo Cuende**  
**Isuskiza**  
**Sam Kennedy**  
**Nichola Blakely**  
**Thomas Kirby**

cello

**Sarah McMahon**  
**Gavin Kibble**  
**Poppy Walshaw**  
**Carina Drury**  
**Timothy Smedley**

double bass

**Judith Evans**  
**Timothy Amherst**  
**Dawn Baker**

flute

**Rachel Brown**  
**Maria Filippova**

oboe

**Leo Duarte**  
**Robert de Bree**  
clarinet  
**Katherine Spencer**  
**Emily Worthington**

bassoon

**Ursula Leveaux**  
**Rebecca Hammond**  
**David Chatterton**

horn

**Robert Ashworth**  
**David Bentley**  
**Nicholas Benz**  
**William Snell**

trumpet

**Neil Brough**  
**Matthew Wells**  
**John Hutchins**

trombone

**Sue Addison**  
**Stephanie Dyer**  
**Stephen Saunders**

timpani

**Benedict Hoffnung**  
**Robert Howes**  
**Glyn Matthews**

fortepiano

**Alastair Ross**

keyboard technician

**Alexander Skeaping**

soprano

**Rachel Ambrose Evans**  
**Nina Bennet**  
**Pippa Hyde**  
**Eloise Irving**  
**Dani May**  
**Philippa Murray**  
**Augusta Hebbert**  
**Helena Moore**  
**Helena Thomson**  
**Lucy Knight**

tenor

**Daniel Joy**  
**Julian Stocker**  
**Tim Lacy**  
**Niel Joubert**  
**Rob Jenkins**  
**Paul Bentley-Angell**  
**Matthew Howard**

alto

**Cathy Bell**  
**Elisabeth Irvine**  
**Clara Kanter**  
**Ruth Kiang**  
**Jonathan Darbourne**  
**Christopher Field**  
**Jessica Gillingwater**  
**Daniel Gethin**

bass

**Adrian Horsewood**  
**Richard Latham**  
**Reuben Thomas**  
**James Arthur**  
**Bartholomew Lawrence**  
**Michael Hickman**  
**Gavin Cranmer-Moralee**



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## **SPRING**

### **1 Introduction and Accompagnato**

#### **Simon**

See Winter, stern and gloomy, flees  
To farthest reaches of the north.  
And foll'wing at his beck,  
His blust'ry ruffians quit the vales,  
With dreadful groans and howling.

#### **Lucas**

From tow'ring crags the melting snows  
In slushy torrents swiftly roll.

#### **Hannah**

And lo! from southern shores  
Breathe softest zephyrs, warm and mild,  
Sweet messengers of Spring!

### **2 Chorus**

Come, gentle Spring!  
Thou gift of Heaven, come!  
From frozen wint'ry grave, bid drowsy Nature rise!  
The smiling Spring is almost here,  
The linden blossom soon will cheer,  
And all will burst to life again.  
Take heed! Do not rejoice so soon,  
For creeping mists and freezing fogs abound,  
And Winter oft returns to spread o'er shoots and buds,  
A deadly, malicious frost.  
Come gentle Spring!  
Thou gift of Heaven, come!  
Descend upon our verdant plains.  
O come, gentle Spring,  
Make haste, do not delay!

### **3a Recitative**

#### **Simon**

From Aries shines the bright'ning sun, o'er all the world  
below.  
Now cold and dampness yield to kindly breezes, warm  
and mild.  
The frozen earth breaks free once more, and radiant is  
the firmament above.

### **3b Song**

#### **Simon**

With eagerness the countryman sets forth to till the soil,  
Through furrows long he whistling strides, and tunes a  
cheerful lay.  
With measur'd gait and careful tread he scatters wide  
the seed,  
And prays the faithful soil will bear, in time, a golden  
crop.

### **4a Recitative**

#### **Lucas**

The countryman has paid his dues;  
No care nor labour has he spared,  
So gen'rous Nature will his diligence reward,  
And thus to Heav'n he turns his humble pray'rs.

### **4b Chorus with solos**

#### **Lucas and Chorus**

Heav'n be gracious, Heav'n be bounteous.  
Open thou, and pour thy blessings o'er our fertile  
plains below.

#### **Lucas**

Let glist'ning dews revive our pastures!

#### **Simon**

Let show'rs of rain refresh our meadows!

#### **Hannah**

Let softest breezes warm the air, and let the  
sun shine purest rays!

#### **Hannah, Lucas, Simon and Chorus**

For these abundant gifts we pray, and for thy  
bounty, thanks be giv'n.

### **5a Recitative and Accompagnato**

#### **Hannah**

Our fervent pray'rs are heard;  
A warming breeze arises  
And fills the sky with downy billows.  
They rise aloft, they tumble down,  
And pour their riches o'er the earth,  
The pride and joy of Nature fair.  
5b Duet and Chorus with solos

#### **Hannah**

O what charming sights delight us in the  
prospect fair.  
Come ye maidens, let us wander through the  
flow'ry vales.

#### **Lucas**

O what charming sights delight us in the  
prospect fair.  
Come ye fellows, let us wander 'midst the  
meadows green.

#### **Hannah**

See the lilies, see the roses, see the flowers all!

#### **Lucas**

See the farmland, see the bowers, see the  
pastures all!

#### **Chorus (Lads and Lasses)**

O what charming sights delight us in the  
prospect fair, etc.

#### **Hannah**

See the landscape, see the waters, see the  
glitt'ring sky!

#### **Lucas**

All is stirring, all is quiv'ring, hark how lively  
Nature wakes!

**Hannah**

See the newborn lambs are gamb'ling,

**Lucas**

See the shoals of fish are swimming,

**Hannah**

See the swarms of bees are buzzing,

**Lucas**

See the flocks of birds are flutt'ring,

**Chorus (Lads and Lasses)**

All is stirring, all is quiv'ring, hark how lively  
Nature wakes!

O what pleasures, O what wonders fill our  
gladden'd hearts.

Sweetest yearnings, gentlest longings soon  
arise within our breasts.

**Simon**

Ev'ry feeling, ev'ry passion is the mighty  
Creator's will.

**Chorus**

Let us honour, let us worship, let us laud Him,  
let us praise His name.

Let our voices hymn His glory and resound on  
high!

Wonderful, bountiful, infinite God.

**Hannah, Lucas, Simon**

With Thine abundant blessings, mankind hast  
Thou reviv'd.

With Thine o'erflowing goodness, mankind  
hast Thou refresh'd.

**Chorus**

Hymns of praise we sing to Thee,  
Wonderful, bountiful, infinite God.

**SUMMER****6a Introduction and Accompagnato****Lucas**

In darkness shrouded steals the dawn, in pearly mantle.  
With falt'ring footsteps, in retreat, the weary night  
retires.

To gloomy caverns ferocious vultures now repair;  
Their ghastly shriekings no longer pierce the trembling  
heart.

**Simon**

The well-reposed countryman, by the cock'rel's raucous  
call awak'd,

To daily labour and worthy toil is summon'd.

**6b Song and Accompagnato****Simon**

The wakeful herdsman gathers up his cheerful flock of  
bleating sheep.

Through rolling hills and meadows green, slowly he  
drives them forth.

To eastern skies he lifts his gaze, while steadfast on his  
crook he leans.

He longs to see a glimm'ring ray, welcome sight of  
breaking day.

**Hannah**

The rosy dawn breaks forth at last;

Like wisps of smoke the clouds disappear.

The heav'ns are radiant, in azure serene,

The hills are burnish'd with fiery gold.

**7 Chorus with solos****Hannah, Lucas, Simon and Chorus**

Behold the Sun!

He creeps, He stalks, He climbs, He strides, He glows,  
He gleams;

He shines, resplendent and bright, enflam'd and in  
majesty!

Hail, O glorious Sun! Thou source of light and life, all  
hail!

O thou, the eye and soul of all, and image of our God!  
We offer thanks to thee.

How shall we tell of such great rapture, which by thy  
bounty now appears?

How shall we count the num'rous blessings, which by  
thy gentle grace are giv'n?

The rapture, O how shall we tell? The blessings, O how  
shall we count?

**Hannah**

All hail to thee for endless joy!

**Lucas**

All hail to thee for boundless cheer!

**Simon**

All hail to thee for matchless health!

**Hannah, Lucas and Simon**

All hail to thee,

Though all thy pow'r and strength to thee by God is  
giv'n.

**Chorus**

Hail, O glorious Sun! Thou source of light and life, all hail!  
Rejoice, uplift your voices, sing praise(s) to Nature fair!

**8a Recitative and Accompagnato****Simon**

The village lads and lasses haste to the meadows;  
A colourful throng spreads over the fields.  
The waves of ripen'd corn bow down before the sunburnt reapers.  
The sickles flash, the corn-stalks fall!  
But soon the crop is gather'd and tightly bound in sturdy sheaves.

**Lucas**

At noon the sun ascends with fiercest blaze  
And pours through clear and cloudless skies  
A torrent of fire on the meadows below.  
While o'er the arid pastureland, above the haze,  
Appears a flood of dazzling brightness.

**8b Cavatina****Lucas**

Exhausted Nature, fainting, sinks.  
Wilted blossoms, scorched meadows,  
parched sources,  
Witness all the raging heat,  
And weary, languish man and beast,  
outstretch'd upon the ground.

**9a Accompagnato****Hannah**

How welcome now, ye shady groves!  
Where lofty boughs of ancient oak give cool,  
refreshing shade,  
And rustling leaves of slend' rest ash in  
whisp'ring murmurs sound.  
Through banks of downy mosses a bubbling  
brooklet purls,  
And merrily flits o'er blooming flow'rs, a host  
of enamell'd insects.  
The herbs breathe forth their sweetest scent,  
on wings of zephyrs borne,  
And from a neighb'ring thicket, tunes a  
youthful shepherd's reed.

**9b Song****Hannah**

How refreshing to the senses, how reviving to  
the heart,  
Life through ev'ry vein is flowing, joy in ev'ry  
nerve awakes, enlivening the soul.  
The spirit soars aloft with pleasure and  
delight,  
An ardent, rousing zeal assails the cheerful  
breast.

**10a Recitative and Accompagnato****Simon**

Behold, arising through the sultry air,  
Along a distant mountain reach,  
A pallid cloud of mist and vapour;  
Now forc'd aloft, it grows apace  
And covers all the firmament with thickest  
darkness.

**Lucas**

Hark, from the vale a muffl'd rumble foretells  
th'impending storm.  
See, brooding with fate, the blacken'd billows  
slowly creep  
And, threat'ning, hover o'er the plain.

**Hannah**

In fear and anguish, all Nature holds its  
breath.  
No beast, no leaf is stirring; a deathly silence  
reigns.

**10b Chorus with solos**

Ah! The storm approaches near!  
Heav'n protect us!  
Hark, how the thunder rolls!  
Hark, how the whirlwind roars!  
Away, away! Where shall we fly?  
Flashes of lightning break over the skies,  
Their sharp, jagged forks are bursting the  
billows,  
And torrents drown us below.  
Where is shelter?  
Heav'n protect us!  
Dreadful blasts the storm, the arch of Heav'n  
is aflame.  
Save us wretches!  
Smashing, crashing, smack and crack,  
The thunder growls with frightful noise.  
Save us wretches!  
The earth, convuls'd, is shaken, e'en to the  
oceans' deep.

**Lucas**

The gloomy storm clouds soon disperse  
And silenc'd is the tempest's rage.

**Hannah**

Before th'approaching eventide,  
The sun peeps out once more,  
And bathèd in those glorious beams,  
Like brightest pearls, the meadows shine.

**Simon**

And so to long-acquainted byres,  
Well sated and refresh'd, the cattle now return.

**Lucas**

In hedges, quails sing to their mates.

**Hannah**

In grasses, cheerful crickets chirp.

**Simon**

In marshes, gruffly croak the frogs.

**Hannah, Lucas, Simon**

The eve'tide curfew tolls.  
For o'er us winks the brightest star  
And calls us all to sweet repose.

**Chorus**

Lads and lasses, children come!  
Sweetest slumber now awaits.  
A spotless heart and healthy frame  
Our daily labours shall attest.  
We come, we follow thee!  
The eve'tide curfew slowly toll'd.  
For o'er us winks the brightest star,  
And calls us all to sweet repose.

**Interval: 20 minutes**

**AUTUMN****11 Introduction, Accompagnato and Recitative****Hannah**

That which Spring has promis'd, adorn'd in blossom fair,  
That which Summer ripen'd, with streams of sunshine clear,  
In Autumn gold is gather'd, to cheer the farmer's breast.

**Lucas**

Th'abundant harvest home he brings, on wagons heavy laden,  
And scarcely can his barns enclose the crop his land has yielded.

**Simon**

Now all around he casts his eye  
And measures all his plenteous produce there;  
As pride and gladness warm his heart.

**12 Trio and Chorus with solos****Simon**

Thus Nature rewards our toil!  
She smiles and cheers our work.  
She guides us with encouragement  
And lends a willing hand.  
She governs us with strength and pow'r.

**Hannah and Lucas**

From thee, O Toil, comes ev'ry good.  
The cottage where we dwell,  
The garments which we wear,  
The produce which we eat,  
Are all thy gifts, and thy reward.  
O Toil, O noble Toil, from thee comes ev'ry good.

**Hannah**

From thee comes worthiness, thou temp'rest  
slothfulness and vice.

**Lucas**

By thee the heart of man is cleans'd and purify'd.

**Simon**

Through thee comes strength and will, that  
duty and honour fill our daily lives.

**Chorus**

O Toil, O noble Toil, from thee comes ev'ry  
good.

**13a Recitative****Hannah**

See how a bunch of eager lads to the hazel  
trees now runs.  
On all the branches swinging hangs a merry  
little tribe;  
And from the swaying boughs there falls a  
hailstorm of ripen'd fruit.

**Simon**

The farmhand fetches a ladder and to the  
topmost branch he swiftly climbs aloft.  
Now, hidden by the leaves, he spies his  
sweetheart down below.  
As slowly she approaches, he flings the nuts  
before her, in teasing lover's jest.

**Lucas**

In the orchard stand round ev'ry tree pretty  
maidens, big and small;  
As ruddy, fresh and wholesome as the fruits  
they gather!

**13b Duet****Lucas**

Fine ladies of the town, come here!  
Admire a charming and simple country lass!  
She needs no rings nor powder'd face,  
Behold my Hannah, behold!  
The bloom of health glows on her rosy cheeks,  
Her smiling eyes beam happiness  
And how her lips speak from her heart  
When love she swears to me.

**Hannah**

Ye mincing dandies stay away!  
Your airs and graces count for naught,  
And foppish preenings are in vain!  
All this we simply cannot bear.  
No gold nor gaudy dress can dazzle us,  
An honest heart is all we ask.  
And all my happiness is sure  
If faithful my Lucas remains.

**Lucas**

Summer fruits will fall,  
Autumn leaves will fade,  
Winter days will pass,  
But ne'er my love for thee.



**Hannah**

Sweeter taste the fruits,  
Greener grow the leaves,  
Brighter shine the days,  
With love and constancy.

**Hannah and Lucas**

O how pure, O how sweet is joyous passion!  
Both our hearts by love united,  
Only death this bond can break.  
Dearest Hannah! Sweetest Lucas!  
Love, such wondrous, blissful rapture,  
Is for man the highest pleasure,  
'Tis the crowning joy of life.

**14a Recitative****Simon**

On ravag'd hills there now appears a host of  
uninvited guests,  
Who, seeking crops for nourishment, enjoy a  
daily feast.  
A few little thieves should not concern the  
countryman; he can let them be.  
But soon he suffers grievous losses which he  
can ill afford.  
All help which he can muster is to the farmer's  
benefit;  
So gladly with his noble lord he joins the sport  
of horse and hound.

**14b Song****Simon**

See lo on yonder open field, there prowls a  
dog deep in the grass.  
He sniffs the scent upon the ground and  
follows it relentlessly.  
Now seiz'd by eagerness he runs; he hears his  
master's voice no more.  
He races, pursuing his prey, then stops at  
once, and freezes, motionless as stone.  
Then to escape th'approaching foe, a bird in  
terror swift takes wing;  
But even flight affords no aid.  
A flash! A bang!  
It is struck by the shot, and plummets down,  
from the sky to earth.

**15a Recitative and Accompagnato****Lucas**

A tight'ning circle of hunters forces the hares to quit  
their formes.  
From ev'ry side they're corner'd, with nowhere to  
escape.  
How soon they fall! And hung in rows, are proudly  
claim'd as hunter's spoil.

**15b Chorus**

Hark, hear the sounds of the chase which in the forests  
resound.  
Hark, hear the sounds of the chase re-echo through the  
woods.  
The thrilling roar of the hunting horn, the hounds with  
their barking and baying.

The stag in dreadful fear takes flight and, chasing him,  
hounds and the huntsmen too!  
He flees; O see how he leaps, O see how he bounds!  
Look there, as out of the coppice he bursts  
And darts o'er the fields to the thickets beyond.

For he has outwitted the hounds, they stray and wander  
o'er the meads.  
The hounds have lost the scent, they ramble here and  
there.  
Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!  
The blaring horn and hunters' calls assemble the pack  
again.  
Ho ho ho! Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!  
With ardour redoubled, swiftly skims o'er the plains the  
united throng.  
Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!  
Surrounded by his enemies, his spirit and his vigour fail.  
Exhausted, drops the noble stag.  
Proclaiming that the end is nigh, the jubilant horns give  
out their call,  
As glorious huntsmen triumphantly sing: Blow Mort!

**16a Recitative****Hannah**

On vines, the grapes are glistening in purple bunches,  
sweet and juicy.  
The sight reminds the vintner that it will soon be time to  
harvest.

**Simon**

Already tubs and vats are set below the hills,  
And from their huts stream many happy workers to the  
pleasant task ahead.

**Hannah**

See how the slopes up yonder with swarms of folk are  
teeming!  
Hear how their merry voices from ev'ry side resound!

**Lucas**

Their work is eas'd by laughing and joking, from early  
morn to evening,  
And then the foaming wine, newly press'd, turns mirth  
to wild abandon.

**16b Chorus**

Drink up, drink up, the wine is here!  
The barrels overflow,  
Our hearts with joy are fill'd.  
So drink up, drink up, drink!  
Let cheerful songs resound,  
Come, let us celebrate!

Let us drink now! Raise your glasses!  
Let us celebrate!  
Let us sing now! Raise your voices!  
Let us celebrate!  
Drink up, drink up, drink! All hail to the wine!

Let's drink to the lands which vines afford,  
Hey ho hey! All hail to the wine!  
Let's drink to the vats in which it's stor'd,  
Hey ho hey! All hail to the wine!

Let's drink to the jugs from which it's pour'd,  
Hey ho hey! All hail to the wine!  
Come, good fellows, fill the tankards.  
Drain the glasses, let us celebrate!  
So drink up, drink up, drink!  
Let cheerful songs resound,  
Hey ho, hey ho! All hail to the wine!

Now the pipers are piping and cheerfully tuning,  
And the drummers now are merrily beating,  
While the fiddlers are scraping,  
And the groaning musettes are a-whining.  
The bagpipes are droning and droning and droning!  
Little children are skipping  
And the youngsters are jumping and prancing and  
leaping  
As the maidens are flying to the arms of their  
lovers  
In a fine country reel.

Dance and trip it, hop and skip it!  
Come fellows, come!  
Dance and trip it, Hey there, ho there!  
Let's fill the cups!  
Hop and skip it, Hey there, ho there!  
Let's drain the cups!  
Let us celebrate!  
So drink up, drink up, drink!  
Let cheerful songs resound.

Shout and be merry!  
Jump and gambol!  
Laugh and carol!

Now let us bring the final cup and let us sing  
with hearty voice,  
In praise of cheering, noble wine.

All hail to our wine, our noble wine, which  
frightens all cares away!  
Its praise be sung both far and wide, rejoicing  
then ten-thousand-fold!  
Hey there, ho there! Let us celebrate!  
Let cheerful songs resound! Hey! Ho!

## **WINTER**

### **17a Introduction and Accompagnato**

#### **Simon**

The jaded year now fades away  
And freezing fogs and mists abound,  
Enshrouding mountains in their grasp  
And hov'ring over barren plains.  
For e'en the midday sun is now eclips'd by  
dusky gloom.

#### **Hannah**

From Lapland's dismal caverns  
With stealth comes stormy Winter,  
And by those threat'ning steps  
All Nature, stupefy'd, is still'd.

### **17b Cavatina**

#### **Hannah**

Light and life are enfeebl'd,  
Warmth and joy have sadly vanish'd.  
Mournful, gloomy daylight  
Follows endless, unrelenting darkness.

### **18a Recitative and Accompagnato**

#### **Lucas**

The lake lies lock'd in frosty grip,  
The babbling brook is silenc'd by ice.  
The cataract, once plunging from the tow'ring  
ledge,  
In deathly stillness roars no more.  
In brittle woodlands naught is heard.  
The fields are cloth'd and valleys fill'd  
With monstrous banks of feath'ry snow.  
And all the earth is now a grave  
Where Nature's splendours sleep entomb'd.  
Across the frozen wilderness of ruthless,  
glacial savageness,  
A ghostly pallor covers all.

### **18b Song**

#### **Lucas**

The wand'rer stands perplex'd, in great  
anxiety;  
He knows not where his falt'ring steps to turn.  
In vain he strives to find his way  
As neither path nor track appears,  
And wading through the drifting snow  
He finds himself still more astray.  
Too soon his courage fails;  
His heart is seiz'd by fear.  
He knows the day will soon be gone  
And weariness and cold turn all his limbs to lead.  
Then suddenly ahead of him he sees a bright and  
flick'ring light.  
With joy restor'd again, and eager, beating heart,  
In haste he runs to reach the house;  
From ice and snow he hopes to find relief.

### **19a Recitative and Accompagnato**

#### **Lucas**

And drawing near the welcome sight,  
His frozen ears, benumb'd by howling winds,  
Hear the sound of cheerful voices.

#### **Hannah**

Behind the door, he finds a merry gathering  
Of many friends and neighbours, engag'd in work and  
chatter  
To while away the evening hours.

#### **Simon**

See all around the kitchen range  
Old men are talking of times long past;  
While young men piles of willow-reeds assemble,  
As baskets, nets and fish-traps all need twining.  
The mothers work at the distaff,  
As their daughters spin at the wheel;  
And all the work is cheer'd with simple song and melody.

## 19b Song with chorus

### Chorus

Whirring, whirring, whirring!  
Set the wheel a-purring!

### Hannah

Little wheel, please twist for me  
Thread as choice as e'er can be,  
For my smock a-spinning!  
Weaver, weave it soft and fine,  
Worthy of this heart of mine,  
Free, but never sinning!  
Fair without and pure within,  
Charming, comely, flawless skin,  
All the lads a-winning!  
Pure within and fair without,  
Prayerful, zealous and devout,  
Marriage soon beginning!

## 20a Recitative

### Lucas

Now the flax has all been spun,  
The wheels no longer turn,  
The folk draw round  
With lads and lasses all together.  
They long to hear a little tale which Hannah oft  
recounts.

## 20b Song with chorus

### Hannah

A noble squire, of great renown, desir'd a lovely maid,  
And spying her alone one day, jump'd off his horse  
and said:  
'My pretty lass, you've won my heart! Come, just a little  
kiss ...'  
She cried with fear and trembling, 'Ah, why sir, that's  
quite amiss!'

### Chorus

Ha ha ha ha! But why, why not say 'no'?

### Hannah

'Be not alarm'd, thou beauteous maid' with roguish  
charm quoth he,  
'And doubt not that I'll always prove a true love unto  
thee.  
Please! Be my lady! Here! My ring, my purse, and  
watch so fine.  
And should you still want more from me, just speak - it  
shall be thine!'

### Chorus

Ha ha ha ha! Indeed that sounds quite fine.

### Hannah

'Kind sir,' quoth she, 'I pray, beware my brothers, lest  
they see;  
For should they spread the tale about, what  
would become of me?  
Were they not working over there, to thee I  
might yet yield ...  
Creep through that hedge, and let me know if  
they're in yonder field.'

### Chorus

Ha ha ha ha! And so what next I pray?

### Hannah

The thorns and briars held him so fast as he  
were in a vice;  
Meanwhile the maid sprang on his steed and  
vanish'd in a trice!  
'Farewell to thee, my gentle swain,' cried she  
in cheerful scorn,  
'Next time you try to pluck a rose, you'll not  
forget the thorn!'

### Chorus

Ha ha ha ha! Well play'd, young lass!

## 21a Recitative

### Simon

And from the east there blows an icy blast of  
piercing cold,  
Harsh and cutting to the bone.  
It gathers up the mists and steals the breath  
from man and beast.  
With this ferocious tyrant Winter's battle has  
been won.  
Now speechless and in fear, the whole of  
Nature lies aghast.

## 21b Song and Accompagnato

### Simon

Consider then, misguided man, a picture of  
thy life unfolds.  
The Spring of life, short-liv'd, is gone,  
The Summer spirit long pass'd by.  
And then advance the Autumn years,  
While cold and pallid Winter nears  
And points to thee an open grave.

Where now, those schemes of high  
endeavour?  
Those lofty hopes and plans?  
The search for earthly glory and vain desire  
of fame?  
Where are they now, those days of plenty,  
and wanton luxury?  
And where, those happy evenings of endless  
revelry?  
Where are they now? Where?  
They all are vanish'd, as a dream.  
Only Virtue lasts!

Alone She lasts, and leads us on,  
unchangeable, through passing days and  
years,  
In sorrow and in gladness to reach life's  
highest destiny.

## 22 Double Chorus with solos

### Simon

Then dawns that morn so glorious  
When God th'Almighty gathers us, to life  
again renew'd;

From pain and death forever free!  
The gates of Heav'n fling open wide, the Holy  
Mount appears.  
There stands the House of God, where peace  
and freedom dwell.

**Choir 1**

But who may pass between these gates?  
Hannah, Lucas, Simon  
The man whose life was incorrupt.

**Choir 2**

And who may climb the Holy Mount?  
Hannah, Lucas, Simon  
The man whose lips spoke only truth.

**Choir 1**

And who may make that house his dwelling?  
Hannah, Lucas, Simon  
The man who help'd the poor and weak.

**Choir 2**

And who in peace and joy shall prosper?  
Hannah, Lucas, Simon  
The man who sav'd the pure and meek.

**Choir 1**

For lo! That glorious morn is near,

**Choir 2**

Behold, the morning light!

**Choirs 1 and 2**

The gates of Heav'n fling open wide, the Holy Mount  
appears.  
Forever gone, forever past, are days of endless  
suff'ring and wint'ry storms of life.  
For Spring eternal reigns, and boundless joy and  
blessedness are Virtue's true reward.

**Hannah, Lucas, Simon**

May we enjoy that true reward. Let us labour, let us  
battle.

**Choirs 1 and 2**

Let us labour, let us battle, to secure that worthy prize.

**Chorus**

Direct us in Thy ways, O God, and make us strong and  
brave.  
Then shall we sing,  
And shall ascend  
Into the glorious heav'nly realm.  
Amen.

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